



# HALLMARKS OF HARPETH HALL

SPRING 1971







# HALLMARKS 1971

A publication of the Penstaff Club

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## NEON CITY

Judy Andrews, '73

*"True" blondes  
In silver silk  
Roll the die  
And flick the chips . . .*

*Cigarette air,  
Drinks all day . . .  
Big green bills  
Waste away.*

*Pack up girls  
In Cadillac cars  
To happy hotels  
And all-night bars.*

*Drinks all air,  
Cigarette day . . .  
Big waste bills  
Green away.*

## GOODBYE, JANIS

Beth Atkins, '72

*Why lay ye on the floor so still  
Why lay ye on the floor  
Do not you hear them begging you  
They're crying still for more.*

*Why can't your voice get through to them  
Why can't your voice get through  
A voice that touched their very souls  
And now you've killed that too.*

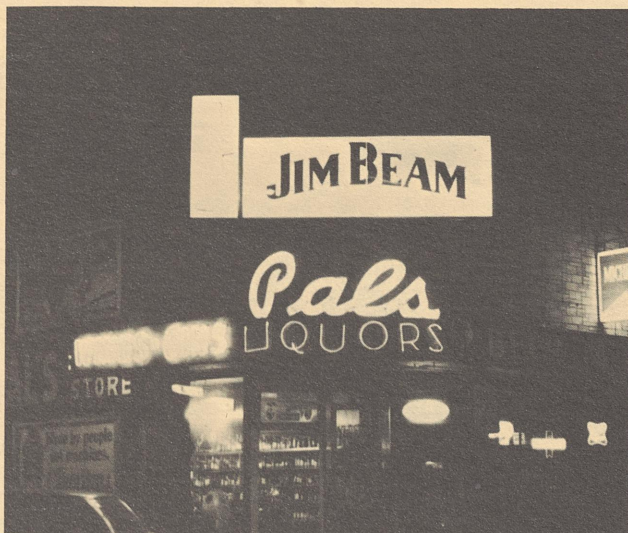
*Why won't you give cheap thrills again  
Why won't you give cheap thrills  
No more full house for you, my friend  
'Twas one too many pills.*

*Why did they call you crazy, girl  
Why did they call you crazy  
A quart of comfort every show  
Did not appease the lady.*

*Why did you think yourself so clever  
Why were you, Jan, so clever  
To keep it up, you killed yourself  
And stopped your song forever.*

*Why did you go so silently  
Why did you go so quiet  
You had it at your fingertips  
You knew you had to try it.*

*Why did you never scream for help  
Why did you never scream  
With fourteen marks upon your arm  
You slipped into a dream.*





## DEDICATION

Sherry Irvin, '71

*I treat you bad but you still love me.  
I always give you short answers  
never really hearing the questions,  
while you take the time  
to care enough to ask.  
Somehow each day you show your love for me,  
but I don't take the time to notice.*

*But today since you are not with me I have  
been thinking about you.  
Often I am very short tempered,  
but since you left I realize how much I need  
you  
I hope you understand  
because often I don't.  
I will try harder to make each day a little  
more pleasant for you,  
understanding that when you return  
I will again have my mother home.*

## UNTITLED

Cary Helme, '74

*I am cold and wish a fire  
I am dry and take a swim  
I am hot and make a fan  
I am wet and soak a towel*

*At night I do not want my bed  
Outside I want home's comfort  
In the morning I sleep late  
Inside I long for the wind*

*I am young—I count my birthdays  
At war I wash for peace  
I am old—much too soon  
In peace I look for war*

*I am rich—I do not care  
I love those whom I cannot have  
I am poor—I treasure gold  
I don't care for those who love me*

## AFTER A STORM

Betty Andrews, '75

*The yellow breath  
of the sun,  
breaking through the clouds  
shows a dark gray sky,  
a yellow-green earth,  
and a triumphant arch  
touching each with color.*



## THE STORY OF HIP-PEA

Suzy Peeples, '72

*I will tell you a tale if I dare  
It takes place in a land way over there  
Now the Jolly Green Giant he lived in that place  
And at growing peas, he sure was an ace.  
His chest was all puffed up with pride  
Cause his pods sprouted o'er the mountainside  
And all his peas grew up straight and strong  
Not ever did any of them go wrong.  
Then one day as he was a pickin'  
He saw a small pod out from a leaf stickin'  
Now this pod was really far out  
Cause it wasn't green like any other sprout.  
It had stripes and polka dots, too  
And on the inside it was psychedelic blue.  
When the Giant opened it with his hand  
The pea jumped out and said, "What's  
happening, man?"  
The Giant he sure was upset  
Cause a pea like this he'd never met.  
Instead of being nice and fat  
The pea was kinda short and flat.  
The Giant gave a great big sigh  
Cause he could not figure why  
So he asked the pea right out  
If he was some new kind of sprout.  
The Giant said, "What kind of pea may you be?"  
And the pea replied, "Man, I'm a HipPea!"  
And "I won't be in your butter sauce  
You must admit it's no great loss.  
I'm going to talk to every pea  
To see if they won't be like me."  
So upon his shoulder he put his pod  
And down the road he then did trod.  
The Giant he just stood there still  
Of that pea, he'd had his fill.  
He sure was glad to see that pea go  
A pea like him he didn't want to know.  
Well, that pea he traveled far and wide  
On the land and by the tide.  
He said his words to lots of others  
In the hope they'd be his brothers.  
So when a pea slides off your plate  
You will know who was that pea's mate.  
Please don't get angry at yourself  
Just use the fork that's on the shelf!*

## UNTITLED

Etal, '71

*A young man called my name  
He spoke of angle wings  
He spoke of things to see and do  
He spoke of rhymes and I love you.*

*A young man wept a tear  
He cried, "My death is near!  
I've not done the things I meant to do  
I have no rhymes nor have I you."*

*A young man heard me sing  
I sang of angel wings  
I sang of things that we could do  
I sang of rhymes and I do—love you.*



## GHETTO SONG

Trish Harrison, '74

*Don' yo' never think about  
De place yo' lives in.  
Don' ever worry 'bout de cold.  
Jus' remember dat de good Lawd loves ya,  
An' He won't forget ya sufferin' an' ya toil.  
Try to forget ya empty stomach;  
Remember Jesus suffered more'n you.  
Keep a song in ya heart,  
A smile on ya lips,  
An' faith in ya soul,  
An' someday, you'll go to Hebben  
Jus' like Christ did  
So long ago.*

## HAIKU

Margaret Weesner, '71

*Born to live then die,  
What after death? No one knows,  
Mystery of life.*

## HAIKU

B. C., '74

*Small understanding,  
Like a flickering light bulb,  
Enlightens and leaves.*

## DEATH OF MINDS

by Anne Cooper

*Hate  
Carries the mind  
To extreme  
Loneliness,  
And leaves it  
There  
To die.*

## TIME

Mary Margaret Macy, '76

*The grandfather clock  
refuses to let time stop  
while I rest and catch my breath.*

## UNTITLED

plf, '71

*I wake in the night  
Aware of a feeling.  
I don't know what it is.  
Lonely, said, happy,  
Loving, hating.  
Everything is mixed up.  
Another kind of feeling—  
My pillow is wet.  
I'm cold.*





## DEATH OF A MARTYR

Amy Hall, '74

*Alone by the river I stand,  
And I dream of the days that have gone:  
Times past.  
Recall, the death of him,  
My own son, my first child.  
But he had to be sent  
To war.  
So cruel, always to live was hard.*

*Every night he fell upon his knees;  
He raised his prayer,  
Begged the Lord to help him make it thru  
another battle scene.  
'Twas such a filthy plight.  
Loading up his rifle, but shooting only air,  
Fearing lest he kill a man he didn't know.  
Today the fight is done.*

*Now 'neath the shadows I weep;  
Still I wonder why oft life is torn  
Apart.  
His love was truer than  
The demands of a man  
Whose task is to kill.  
How sad,  
Often life's quest ends so wrong.*

## TO SEEK A BETTER WORLD

Suzy Peeples, '72

*I dreamed I was airborne,  
Soaring to touch the sky.  
An inner peace possessed my body,  
My arms were reaching higher  
As my soul struggled to be free.  
Then I saw a dazzling light,  
And I knew it was coming.  
I thought my heart would burst,  
But it very gently stopped.  
And I knew I had found a better world.*



## SUMMER DELIGHT

Grace Follin, '76

*Once on a hot summer day  
A young boy, in a cool,  
tasty ice-cream parlor.  
Looking through frosty glass,  
His brown eyes grow as  
big as chocolate pies.*

*After receiving his order of  
icy vanilla, with chocolate  
nougats ice-cream,  
He carefully licks the top,  
As if not to miss a drop.*

*Suddenly, on the side of  
the cone, he  
discovers a drop he has  
missed, and quickly  
licks it up  
Lick, after lick, after lick  
Then all at once, it's  
gone!*

## ICE CREAM

Beth Atkins, '72

*I love ice cream.  
Vanilla.  
Raspberry.  
Licorice.  
Lemon.  
Have you ever had them all-together?  
It's really not so bad—if you love  
Ice cream.*

## A CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUT

Mary Stamps, '76

*A little, fat boy approached  
A doughnut shop.  
I saw him enter with a  
Hop, Skip, Hop.*

*He tried not to get one,  
He tried until at last,  
I saw him get the chocolate one  
From down behind the glass.*

*He slowly bit the doughnut,  
With a smile upon his face,  
A bigger smile was never seen  
By any human race*

*He ate the doughnut slowly,  
He ate it crumb by crumb,  
He even licked the chocolate  
That was sticking to his thumb.*

*That doughnut meant more to him,  
Than the dirt means to the mole,  
So he ate that chocolate doughnut  
'Till he only left the hole.*

## BON BONS

Athalie White, '71

*When you've got a box of chocolates  
And they look so awfully nice  
You know you shouldn't eat them  
But your mind they will entice.*

*You can't decide which one to pick  
So here's a trick I know:  
If you gently push the bottoms in  
Their contents then will show.*



MY PEACE  
Claire Brittain, '71

Sitting  
alone  
listening  
to the rain  
as  
it  
gently  
guides  
my mind  
through  
legions of  
untouched  
lands.

ME  
Debbie Daugherty, '72

One day me sat all alone,  
Nothing there but me;  
Then a he came up to me  
And me and he were we.

We lived together,  
He and me  
In our castle by the sea;  
Then one day there was not just we,  
For he and me made three.

We lived together many years,  
He and me and she,  
But one day she did go away  
And there was only we.

We lived happily by the sea,  
My lover he and me.

But one day he did leave me too,  
And now there's only me.

MOTTO  
by Marilyn Blackman, '71

*I used to like fresh air  
When it was there.*

TO A FRIEND  
Shannon Stoney, '72

*Dear friend, I see you from faraway  
And I feel for you.*

*Though we share not the closeness  
we once shared in another time  
Yet I know what you must be going thru  
Since they told me about what happened  
You've been in my thoughts, though I know  
Your thoughts and heart are much too full  
Of doubts, confusion, and sorrow  
To think of me, and remember that I'm thinking  
of you.*

*I see you far from me, your head bowed down  
And I wish I could talk to you, reach you.*

*You're out of my world, too far away to touch.  
But my prayers are with you, prayers for God  
and people*

*To touch you, reach you, love you, and comfort  
you*

*In your sorrow.*



## A FLOWER

Anne Ramsey, '71

*time goes by  
and before i know it  
i've gone too far*

*running through the grass  
hand and hand  
he stopped to give me  
a flower*

*with his love*

*time goes by  
and before i know it  
i've gone too far*

*how can i tell him  
i am only looking for  
a friend*



## UNTITLED

Sherry Irvin, '71

*What kind of Bee are you? Most of us attest to  
being the queen bee, who rules over the masses.  
But only a few have the qualifications.*

*Everyone likes to be classified as a worker, and  
enjoys the rewards of a well-done job.*

*But how many of us should be classified as a  
drone, or a lazy bee?*

## WINTER

Cary Helme, '74

*The trees are dead.  
Their branches bare and black  
Stand out against the grey sky.  
The trees are dead.  
Their leaves long fallen are unseen,  
Buried in the bitter, cruel frost.  
The trees are dead.  
Their roots, unable to support themselves,  
Use the hard ground as a crutch.  
The trees are dead.  
Their nuts, which bring young trees,  
Have left to feed other hungry mouths.  
The trees are dead.  
Their sap, the life-giving force,  
Is frozen—brittle and still.  
The trees are dead.  
But even in death, they bravely  
Give their lives to other lives.  
The trees are dead.  
But they cling to that last hope—  
The breath of life called spring.*



## COLD

Cathy Frierson, '72

*A Moth is beating against my window,  
Frantically striving to reach  
the Light—  
Flutter, Flutter, Flutter—  
But he will never reach his goal.  
How like the man who lives in the  
Darkness of Loneliness—  
Who cries out in  
Agony  
Who longs to touch the light of  
Love,  
Who feel the warmth of understanding.  
Beat, Beat, Beat—  
The heart will do its work,  
Yet how it aches and pains the one who know  
That  
In this world,  
The light for him will never shine,  
And so he goes on  
Hopelessly reaching out for the light of love  
That will  
Never  
Be his.*

## HAIKU

by Anne Cooper

*Very worn out now  
Yet innocence still remains;  
Little teddy bear.*

## UNTITLED

plf, '71

*Holding your strong hands,  
Wiping out bad times,  
Living the present,  
The past is gone.  
We are the present,  
Maybe the future.*

## BLACK

Barbara Couch, '74

*BLACK—the shade of youth's crisp curls  
an unlit room  
a mad mind's whirls*

*DEATH—eternity alone  
an unsown field  
a bleak heart shown*

*LIFE—Sometimes too hard to bear  
a hollowness  
an empty stare*

*SLEEP—the mind, a cheerful room,  
pearl shafts of light  
shine through the gloom*

*BLACK—peace only One can send  
welcome relief  
and timely end.*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*A nice, warm bathtub—  
Three million telephone calls—  
A nice, cold bathtub.*



(with apologies to Dr. Seuss and  
"The Cat in the Hat")

*The day was half-through  
The lunch bell had rung  
So we marched down "Hup-Two!"  
To eat and have fun.*

*I stood there with Janie  
We stood there we two  
I said, "Hurry up long line—  
I'm desperate for food!"*

*And we did not like it.  
We had to wait.*

*"I'm starving to death!"  
Groaned the poor little fly.  
"I LIKE to eat food!"  
Said the fly in the pie.  
"And its mostly YOUR food that  
I like to eat."  
Then he flew again and  
Took a seat on a beet*

*"Caterpillar!"*  
Repeated Janie and I.  
*"Caterpillar!"*  
Echoed the fly in the pie.

"Cattie in the fat," said  
The moths in the broth—

*"Is worse, much worse,  
Than the fly in the pie.  
Worse than the ant—  
Worse, even, than us!  
That Cattie's indeed worth  
A whole lot of fuss!"*

*We stood there and cried  
Did Janie and I.  
To watch our food go—  
Almost made us die.*

We watched them all sitting there.  
 Moths in the broth—  
 Ant in the salad—  
 Cattie in the fat—  
 It was bad enough  
 Just to look at all that!  
 But what really killed us—  
 (That is—Janie and I)  
 What tortured us—pained us—  
 Nearly made us cry—  
 What made us mad enough—  
 Almost—to fry—  
 Was that hungry old fly—  
 The Fly in the Pie!

Jo Anderson, '71

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## TODAY

Mary Stamps, '76

*What is today?  
It was tomorrow yesterday,  
It will be yesterday tomorrow.*

*Will you remember today?  
Oh, not just a couple of days or a week from now,  
But a year or maybe several years from now?*

*Each day of your life holds  
New dreams, hopes, and ideas  
All worth striving for.*

*Cherish today and all that is in it.  
And maybe today's dreams  
Will seem just a little more realistic,  
Tomorrow.*

## I

Louise Sharp, '72

*I have been,  
I am,  
And I will be forever more;  
For in unity with God, I am eternity.*

## FREEDOM CHILD

Margaret Weesner, '71

*In ragged shirt  
And cut-off jeans  
He roams the freedom fields  
Chasing after butterflies  
With Fido at his heels.*

*Darting into  
The solemn woods  
He finds the rocky creek,  
Where polywogs go dashing from  
The splash of his bare feet.*

*He's all smiles  
And makes mud pies  
To feed to his faithful pet.  
He knows the joys of a summer day;  
Something he'll ne'er forget.*

## DECISION

by Marilyn Blackman, '71

*You think you will,  
You think you won't,  
You think you would,  
And then you don't.*





## "TURN BACK, O MAN, FORESWEAR THY FOOLISH WAYS"

Diana Reed, '72

It had come; Sirens wailed, uring the people to the shelters. But, the people were frozen; frozen alive by an indescribable fear and hopelessness. It had come. Someone (in this world or another—It didn't matter now) had pushed the button. The button that would destroy the world. Then, sudden panic gripped the people; they forgot age-old warnings to stay calm. People on the coast boarded ships, others laid down in the street and pleaded to a god they had once buried.

Then, the beginning of the end. A buzzing, zooming noise in the sky, and the people, accepting their inevitable death, upturned their faces to watch. Endless seconds went by, and the already dead seemed to tremble with the rest.

Then the explosion. The earth quaked. Black, poison smoke blanketed the land. Volcanoes rumbled and spat golden and scarlet ash, rumbled again, and vomited from the belly of the earth, as if to rid itself of the poison. The rivers and seas turned molten black and steamed. Boats melted beneath the feet of those who thought to be saved, spilling them into the oozing ocean.

The congregation of a little country church sang:

"Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.  
Age after age their tragic empires rise,  
Built while they dream,  
And in that dreaming weep:

Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep—

Turn back, O man, foreswear thy foolish ways."  
Years too late, they were all crushed under the falling church roof.

A lone child, left in the streets by its mother, screamed at the dead bodies around her, coughed, and fell dead.

Trees and plants withered visibly and died.

Animals died amid the rubbish the people had thrown down when they lived.

Weeks later, the smoke and gas faded slightly, but none knew it. The sun rose and set; the stars and the moon shone just as brightly, and faded again at another dawn. But none saw.

Only silence . . .

Far away, on another planet, with a different sun and two moons, a tiny creature, glistens, beautiful and slick, as it crawls laboriously from the water into the thick, humid air . . . and takes its first breath. From it will come another world. Will they live only to die? Let us pray

## AVON CALLING

Judy Andrews, '72

*I tell you—things go better with Coke.  
Yeh, I know, but it shakes out white and turns  
blue.*

*Say, isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian  
Club?  
Sure—Lucite, the work skipper . . .*

*They've come a long way, baby.*

*I'd walk a mile for a Camel.  
Oh, but leave the driving to us.  
(We try harder.)*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*With eyes that don't hear,  
A prisoner of freedom.  
He can't feel the sun.*



## THE SUNLOVERS

Judy Andrews, '72

*The Sunlovers  
Flock to the beaches  
To lie on freckle-faced sand  
And stare into scarlet suns.*

*Red with sunburn,  
Brown with tan,  
The Sunlovers  
Come again.*

*The Sunlovers  
Lie by concrete pools  
To drink up chlorine water  
And have their "guaranteed" fun.*

*Wait for summer  
Then hit the beach  
And look around  
For some good peach.*

*Red with sunburn,  
Brown with tan,  
The Sunlovers  
Strike again.*

## (BLACK) WIDOW'S LAMENT

Barbara Couch, '74

*My bridal day was yester-eve  
I now prepare my love to leave  
No courts or alimony sums  
A love-hate of my husband comes  
To urge me, coaxing, black and fey  
And then devour my love away.*

## "CONCRETE"

Beth Collins, '72

*"Concrete" is a dangerous word:  
Concrete words, concrete actions.  
One can be convicted for concrete facts.  
Our world is so made and centered  
Upon concrete facts and actions;  
It is so concerned with the useless "how,"  
Not the important "why."  
Many go through life in a concrete routine,  
Not caring for the abstract.  
Perhaps the new generation can change this,  
Add a spark to our lives.  
They still have visions, wide expanses  
Open to their active minds.  
If they can't, who can?*

## WITH MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

Penny Pilkington, '73

*With my head in the clouds,  
And my feet on the ground,  
By the troubles of earth  
I am no longer bound.  
Alone with my thoughts  
I'm as free as the wind.  
I feel breezes blow,  
I see the trees bend.  
I'm alone with myself;  
There is no one around,  
With my head in the clouds,  
And my feet on the ground.*



## SOUL SEARCHIN'

Alice Hinton, '72

*Knock, knock Mr. Self—  
who is there?  
with all the confusion and complications  
of Pressures  
from Friends and Foes  
from Here and There*

*And*

*Injections of Morals and Standards  
and Religious Beliefs*

*And*

*do This or don't do That from  
Every Direction*

*And*

*statements like Sororities are Good  
then  
Sororities are Bad*

*Or*

*Save Sex for marriage  
then  
Nobody is a Virgin anymore*

*And after*

*Questions like "Are you a Hippie? Or  
are you straight?"*

*Or*

*Do you believe in God*

*Or*

*do you not  
you find  
you have no real answers*

*And*

*You begin to wonder if  
MR. YOUR SELF  
is still alive*

*or if*

*he has been VICIOUSLY MURDERED  
somewhere along the way . . .*

## FINIE

Cathy Frierson, '72

*Now the poem is over,  
Yet the feelings still remain.  
From tears and fears  
And hopeless dreams  
I know I must refrain.*

*God gave me too much imagination—  
I know it should not be.  
Someday I know I'll have to face  
Stark reality.*

## NO GHOULS, FOOL

Jo Anderson, '71

*It's a rule  
That no ghoul,  
After school  
Dressed in wool,  
May get cool  
In a pool  
For a jewel  
Or a tool  
'Cause ghouls drool.*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*When the sun has gone,  
And yet its golden glow stays  
I think about you.*



## SENIOR CLASS POEM 1971

Claire Brittain, '71

*In the weary hours  
Of slowly moving minutes  
We became older.*

*Alone and afraid  
As strangers in a new world  
We saw each other.*

*Orientation  
President George's Brithday  
Ancient History.*

*The new summer aged  
It was a time of Jane Eyre;  
Huckleberry Finn.*

*"Is it a real bomb?"  
"I hope so?!" "I do too."  
"No more school. . .?!" "Oh rats!"*

*Together in name  
And trying hard to become  
Together in thought.*

*Moving to the front  
The old auditorium  
Seemed more familiar.*

*That time in our lives  
We looked at reality  
And learned how to smile.*

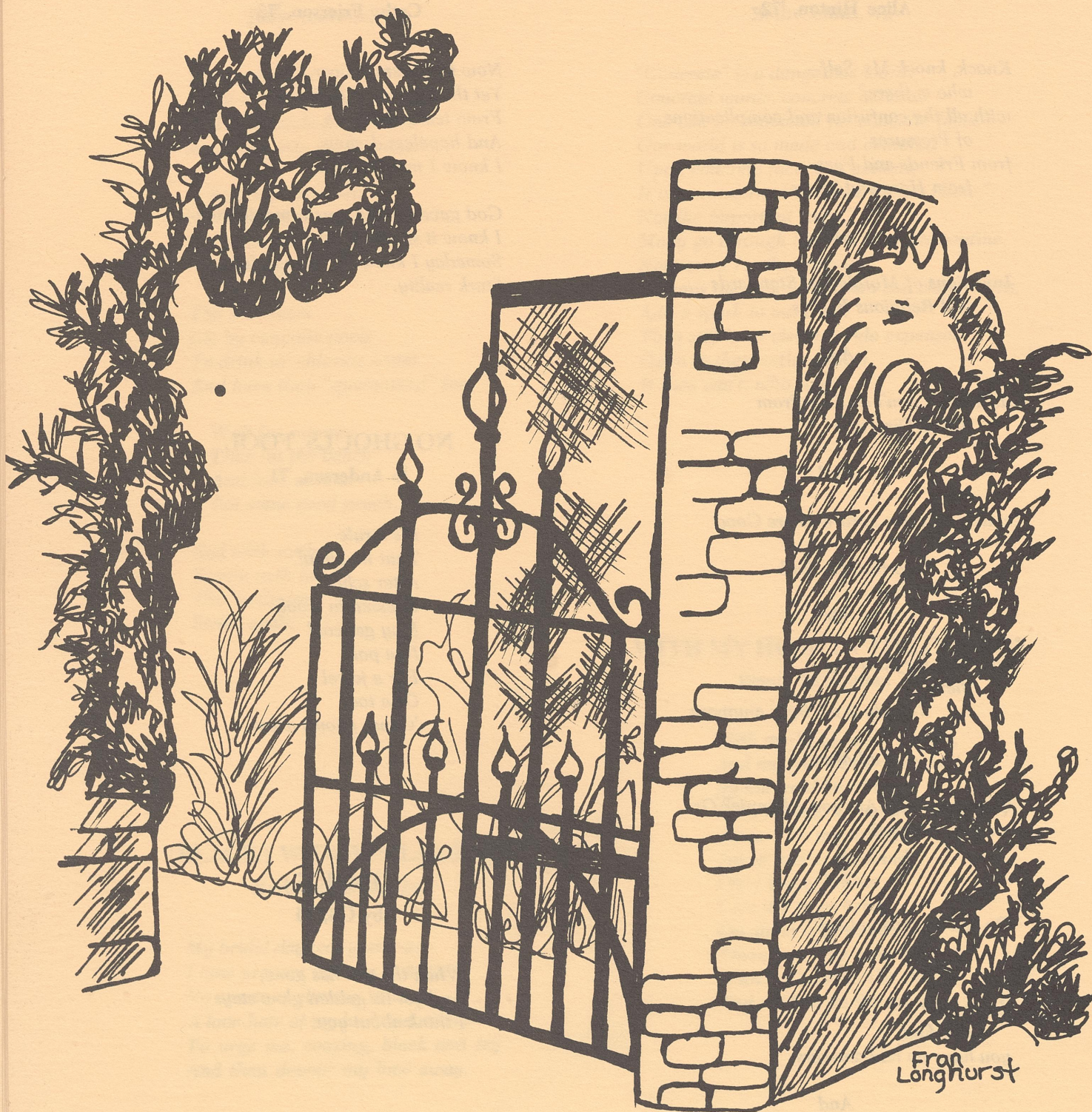
*Now we are seniors  
We sing of being as one;  
Of reaching the sky.*

*We learned in our song  
The words became real for us  
When we tried to care.*

*So we are leaving.  
In the stillness of good-byes  
We see a future.*

*In weary hours  
Of slowly moving minutes  
We become older.*







## ONCE A LITTLE GIRL

Amy Hall, '74

*Wake up, little girl, while the sunlight is hazy  
And then run barefoot to your "shop" on the  
creek.*

*Now gather up shells and sticks that will serve  
As tools for the work that today is awaiting.*

*Now step, little girl, in the cool, rushing waters  
And scoop sandy pebbles in your tiny, round  
hands.*

*The mud and silt from the blanketed creekside  
Will serve as your icing for rich, creamy pies.*

*Thick chocolate batter to mold, little girl,  
Now press in a bowl brought from home.  
Next wipe the cool dough from your eager  
fingers*

*And crown your baking with a sandy meringue.*

*Now that the cooking for today is completed,  
Dangle your toes in the sun-dappled waters.*

*Gaze at your face in the dark, rippling mirror  
And hope, little girl, that you'll be called pretty.*

*When the sun is high, casting showers of warmth,  
Reach, little girl, for an apple from above.*

*Then roll on your back and stretch on the grass.  
Sleep, little girl, for the day is half-spent.*

*Sunset is jading; arise, little girl!*

*Few minutes remain to sit in your treehouse.*

*Precious day is wasting as Mother is calling.*

*Run, little girl, lest the moonlight enchant you.*



## UNTITLED

Etal, '71

*If I live in a world of dreams  
And never know you,  
one who is so close to me,  
Then all is wrong.*

*And if dreams are made of falling stars  
And stars from fallen cinders of the moon  
Then I know  
I've left behind the one I never knew.*



## GROWING UP

Susan Smith, '72

*Growing up is like running  
up a stairs  
First starting off with  
unbounding energy  
Running too fast when  
you should be only walking  
Slipping and hurting  
by making mistakes  
Grasping at the handles  
for extra support  
And finally reaching the top . . .  
only to look down*

## THE YOUNG MAN

Margaret Weesner, '71

*The tall grass on the plain  
Waved with the wind, the west wind.  
I saw a young man standing  
Straight and tall in the distance.*

*Straight and tall he stood,  
And the wind blew in his face  
And carried his frenzied thoughts.  
His thoughts raced with the wind  
For he was confused.*

*And the world kept whirling,  
That's what made the wind blow,  
The wind that carried his thoughts.*

## I WONDER IF

Suzy Peebles, '72

*If my life was shattered into a thousand pieces,  
I wonder if I could put them together again.  
If the way that I feel ever ceases,  
I wonder how I would feel then.*

*If time ever stopped for me,  
I wonder where I would go  
If my eyes began to see,  
I wonder what they would show.*

*If I lived all alone,  
I wonder if I would be free  
If my hands could be shown,  
I wonder what they'd feel for me.*

*If my brain ever stopped to think,  
I wonder if I would be still  
If my heart ever learns not to sink,  
I wonder if I would have my fill*

*And if my soul ever left me,  
God, I wonder if I'd meet you  
And if from you I could not flee,  
I wonder what I would do.*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*It is morning now.  
Soft light is running through trees.  
I feel a new day.*



## THE CARDINALS

Beth Collins, '72

*Two cardinals made a nest outside our door,  
In the bush right outside our door.  
The flashy male, the modest female,  
Tended their eggs outside our door  
In the summer . . .  
Six weeks ago the eggs hatched.  
Little cardinals, newly born,  
Without knowledge of dogs or cats,  
Looked out upon the bright new world.  
Not for long.  
The dogs killed the little birds.  
The nest was empty.  
Survival of the fittest.  
Because their parents had been foolish  
Enough to put the nest  
Right there outside our door,  
Their babies were killed.  
The folly of the parents  
Was visited upon the children.*

## LIGHTER OF DARKNESS

Betty Andrews, '75

*Orange flames,  
reaching out  
with bursts of energy,  
crackling and distorting the images  
beyond it;  
drawing your attention  
to its fiery  
that only  
make the shadows  
darker.*

## II

Louise Sharp, '72

It is natural for each person to be confused, uncertain, and even despondent about himself and his existence. There lurks a feeling of incompleteness and immaturity which seems to evade our grasp and comprehension, and we are embittered with ourselves for this "fault" or "abnormalcy." However, what we too often overlook in our extensive search for "something" is that this "fault" cannot be overcome without assistance.

Our lives are very like the unique fruit of a tree: without the tree's nourishment and the sun and rain's assistance, the fruit never ripens and finally rots from within its core. Likewise, without God's light and life within our own lives, our souls cannot ripen into maturity and there remains a gap, an incompleteness. God alone, and not ourselves, can fill this void.

## I, TOO

Amy Hall, '74

*Sometimes at sunset yet often at dawn  
I wonder will you wish for me if I am gone.  
Will you say my name as I walk down the hall  
Or watch the door close as an end to it all;  
But if that door closes, I'll know in my heart  
From what each gave it was foolish to start.*

*Perhaps I'll be there but probably not,  
For the freedoms I lack will never be caught;  
But one of these days when my time is at hand,  
Will you gather the pieces all dashed on the sand.  
Can you remove my crushed dreams afar with  
the years,  
Won't you learn to accept that I, too, have tears.*



### A SCALE

Betsy Shapiro, '71

*Aroused from sleep I falter at the gain  
Of sudden pressure forced upon my chest.  
Distorted features show effects of pain  
Inflected by an uninvited guest.  
Unflinchingly he watches this display  
While my expressions wildly vacillate.  
When last mine cease his show his own dismay  
At having added to his obese weight.*

### BLUE

Barbara Couch, '74

*Blue-it flies before sunrise  
The gauzy, gentle wind that signs  
Soft tenderness and growing loss  
The hue that lurks behind the frost  
The mystery in a fairy's eyes  
Unreal on flowers, in fogs, lies  
The hazy, heightened heather-mistful  
A glance of sorrow-wilful, wistful  
The innocence in the eyes of babes  
The truth that is found in their gaze  
The color of regret, of rue  
A pledge of love that's strong and true.*

### MOONRISE

Jana Talbot, '74

As I silently slip away from the cabin, the screen door squeaking, behind me, tries to warn the counselors, but they are too tired to hear it. The grass, softly prickly and wet with the evening dew, seems to invite my barefeet to follow it far, far away. And who could resist? Ignoring all camp rules about shoes and curfew, I tread lightly across the field to the edge of the lake, where the night breeze is rippling the dark, forbidding waters. As I find a rock to sit on, a wakeful owl calls to the hushed world. A nearby cricket chirps, and as if some unseen spiritual being and it on the end of an invisible thread, the moon rises silver and clear over the water, transforming it to a pipply sheet of clear crystal. My heart swells, and as I see it all with my eyes, I seem to feel God's loving hand upon my shoulder.

### CAPTURED

Ellen Hobbs, '75

*A teeny tiny grasshopper decided to see the world.  
He began to pack his baggage, when he was scooped up by a girl.  
A thin little fog began to cover the jar, and her eyes to him  
Seemed like huge stars.  
His breath was becoming hard to get, and the jar was all  
Clammy, pressing, and wet.  
Then, the jar lowered and the top came off,  
And the teeny tiny grasshopper jumped out with a cough.*

### HAIKU

by CB, '71

*Individuals,  
Yet everyone is the same.  
People in boxes.*



## DEAR MAJOR ———

Lynn Farrar, '74

You asked us to write you and explain our qualifications for the spying mission that you discussed with us earlier. You also requested the volunteers to explain their motives for volunteering. Here is my compliance with your request. I will attempt to discuss my qualifications with complete honesty and without false modesty.

My major qualification is the knowledge of the countryside. My family often vacationed there in the summer. And as young children do, I explored the countryside thoroughly. I believe I remember the terrain well. Still, my family and I were not well known in town, then, and I do not believe that I would be recognized.

Secondly, I am responsible and have a sense of country loyalty. In assuming this task, I would recognize the importance of it. I would try to the best of my ability to complete it thoroughly and well. I would not let down my country, and to me she is first in my heart and concern. Threats of torture and death would not deter me from my purpose. I think, too, that I would not hesitate to take any sensible risks. I pride myself that I would not be foolish in the eagerness and impetuosity of youth to prove my valor, but would exercise wisdom. I have courage.

I also believe that I have enough natural acting ability to remain incognito or pose as someone without my identity being discovered. I could adapt to any situation. I believe that I could give a convincing performance.

Major, I believe that this is true. I've searched carefully for my qualifications. I don't know. I have not had my character tested. I might be confronted and turn coward. I might reveal everything. I might bumble the mission. I hope not. I don't think so. But, I have to find out. I have to—I need to know—to see what kind of person. I am Besides the challenge, this is why I volunteered. I want to find the truth, even if it is bad, about myself. Please help me by granting me this opportunity to find myself and serve my country!

Sincerely and respectfully,

---

## CRUCIFIXION

Trish Harrison, '74

*It was dark.  
The sky washed blood red.  
The air was so heavy;  
It seemed to strangle every man.  
And the heat was so intense  
It was as if the very flames of Hell  
Licked at the men's feet.*

*And the rain came,  
But instead of cooling freshness  
The people longed for,  
It fell in great, boiling drops  
That seared every man's flesh.  
The heavens opened up,  
And the thunder threatened to deafen everyone.  
The lightning illuminated the sky for a full  
minute.  
Then suddenly, everything was quiet.  
God's son was dead.*



## THE EAVESDROPPER

Lynn Farrar, '74

The low sobs of a woman sheathed in black broke the still afternoon. The people gathered around the casket were left to their own thoughts until the monotonous tones of the minister would begin the funeral service.

As they viewed the body, a drab woman in her late twenties began a conversation with her female companion. "You know, Shirley, Mr. Mathis wasn't the most delightful person to work under. He was either gouchy or terribly demanding! I must have been the most underpaid secretary in the pool. I did so many thoughtful things for him, but it would trouble Mr. H. Benjamin Mathis to stoop to consideration of me! Nothing for all those days of devotion!"

"Was that his real name? How really funny! Well, what do you expect from people today? Why, bother . . ."

"I worked like a dog to please him. I told you about . . ." Her voice dropped to an incoherent mutter as a relative of the man moved within hearing distance. The relative, however, was talking also

"Honestly, Harriet. I don't understand what more Ben could have asked of me and then not mention me in the will! Ungrateful boy. I even spent \$15 on his flowers. It was the least I could spend and not look cheap."

"Well, Mattie, that's life! Actually, I didn't like him—conceited, rude, stingy man. I'm glad he didn't leave me any of his \$78,000 estate! And I was planning to remodel the kitchen."

Two men stood at the other end of the casket. "Ben was a real loafer. Always pushing his work off on somebody else."

"I know, Jack. One time after he'd helped me draw up two business reports and a contract, he felt sufficiently entitled to ask me to watch his desk while he left a couple hours early for some reason. Sometimes it really took a lot to put up with him."

"Yep, Martha made me come. I suppose it was the only descent thing to do, but Ben wasn't a close friend," commented one of Ben's relatives to his third cousin. "He wasn't very family-tied. Not very nice, if you ask me."

"That's why a lot of his and Mary Jo's relatives didn't come. All sorts of excuses. Living in town, I was sort of compelled to attend his funeral."

At this instant, the minister arrived, late and hurried, but ready to earn his living. The conversations abruptly halted, and the service began. The spectators drew out their looks of condolences and sorrow, but many bitter thoughts permeated the masks. At least, the services completed, the minister escorted the widow to a car, and the others departed.

Then the yet warm corpse sat up. "Thanks, boys. Did you get the names of all who came? Good. I've always wondered who all would come. Got to go home now and think about a new will and the world. Send the bill for this farce to my lawyer."





## THE END

Suzy Peeples, '72

*Stop, world, I want to get off  
I don't like the way things are going.  
What did you say?  
You aren't going to stop for me?  
Then what am I going to do?  
I can't stand all these pressures,  
And these everyday worries are getting me down.  
Nothing seems to help and no one tries to help  
me.  
I've been coming down for a long time,  
And all these changes have been comin' down  
on me.  
I just can't take it any longer.  
No one every cares what happens,  
I can't find anyone to talk to,  
I know what I'm going to do.  
Well, world, I guess you did stop for me, after  
all.*

## HERE IT COMES AGAIN

Kay Proctor, '73

*Here it comes again.  
I was away  
Far, far away  
But as it happened  
so many times before  
They wouldn't let me stay  
Oh, it was so fun.  
Why, why do they always bring me back?  
I could think  
I could laugh  
I could sing  
Here it comes again.*

## LOVE

Judy Andrews, '72

*It fills you  
To depths  
Of unknowing  
Wonder  
And shatters  
Reality  
Into glass fragments  
Which magnify  
Your joy.*

*It bounces  
Your bubbles  
Of bubbling happy  
Until your  
Heart turns  
With fluttering  
Gladness  
And kisses tomorrow  
As you meet.*

## THE GAMBLE

Athalie White, '71

*What will it be?  
Take a chance on life  
Don't be a chicken  
What's hiding under that smug, defiant shell?  
It might be a beautiful experience  
But then again, it might be a chocolate cocoanut  
creme.  
UG.*



## THE FROGS

Beth Collins, '72

*In our pond there are three frogs  
Who dive into the pond with fear  
Whenever anything comes near.  
If one sits there long enough,  
They will cautiously shove  
Their noses out of the water  
For oxygen.  
At the slightest movement of an intruder  
They will disappear  
In the murky pond.  
These frogs are like some people,  
Forever conquered by fear,  
Afraid to let anyone get a glimpse  
Of their inner selves.  
When one by chance  
Does steal a glimpse  
They disappear quickly  
In the murky dimness of their souls.*

## CLOUDS OF WHITE LACE

Cindy Parker, '72

*Snowflake like countless falling stars,  
Land on the tops of our house and cars.  
Stars that dance in cold Borus'\* breath,  
Reveling through the air, floating to their death  
The world is enclosed in a cloud of white lace.  
Little children play with a smile each face.  
Why cannot fighting and petty bickering cease?  
And mankind enjoy Nature's peace?*

## MY TREE

Penny Pilkington, '73

*The maple tree behind our house  
Delivered me to man from mouse.  
Up in its branches, speaking wide  
There was a place where I could hide.  
I'd climb up in my maple tree,  
See everyone while none saw me.  
And then one day my tree fell down,  
I found its branches on the ground.  
My place was gone; I was alone,  
I'd have to make it on my own.*



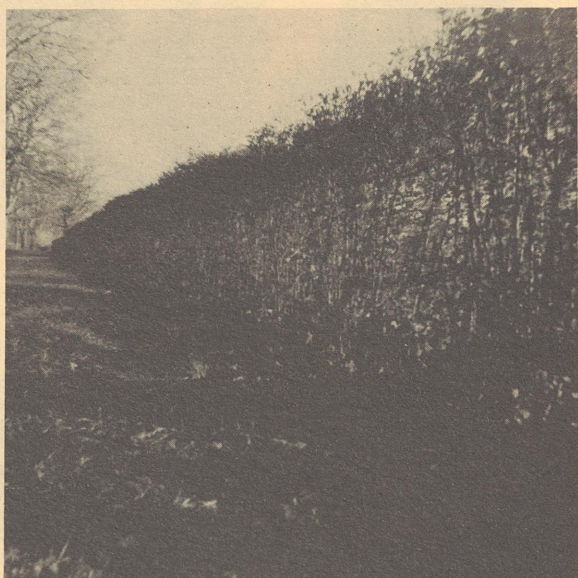


## THE FELINITY OF A COUGAR

Amy Hall, '74

A tawny Cougar basks in the sunlight with eyes squinted beneath lids of metal grillwork. Each streamline glint of silver conspires in a continuous rhythm of dormant energy. A broad, toothless grin spreads across the entirety of the feline face in lazy elation. Although a pair of savage trenches, footprints of this chrome demon, disfigure the gravelly drive, the car neither bristles nor snarles. The four treaded tires on which the Cougar lopes and whirls lie in ambush until their freedom is granted, and they become raw in the humid midday.

Presently, an unwary boy, lured to the vehicle by its shimmering bronze enamel, draws too near. The Cougar engulfs this inquisitive boy in a graceful yawn and purrs softly. Inside the car, a pleasing aroma of polished leather entrails and cleaning enzymes permeates his senses like a spring of pungent evergreen. An intricate maze of silver knobs astounds the boy, but he is unable to extricate himself from this metallic embrace. The clarion cry of the car's horn shakes the windows, and once again the placid Cougar sprawls on the sunstruck lawn.



## FRED

Cindy Parker and Betsy Sanford, '72

*I remember Fred  
And what Fred said.  
"Don't go to bed,  
Meet me instead  
By the bed  
Of roses red,  
And then we'll wed."*

*Where is Fred?  
Did he go to bed?  
No, now I hear his lead tread  
By the bed  
Of roses red.*

*Here comes Fred.  
D\_\_\_\_ his squeaky Keds.  
I hit him on his greasy head  
With a pipe of lead.  
Fred fell by the bed  
Of roses red.  
Poor Fred was dead.*



## IRONY

Betty Andrews, '75

*The long snake reared to strike as he saw the  
man,  
Its intently buzzing hiss penetrating through the  
depths of darkness  
Slicing through all.*

*And then came the rock.  
The rock that cut short that strange  
But fragile thing called Life.*

*Already the vultures began to circle,  
Soaring through the air.  
Cruel.*

*And the first one swooped to the ground,  
Grabbing the serpent's neck.  
Stupid.*

*For he knew not that one part of the snake was  
still alive,  
And as his long, sharp talons grasped the serpent,  
The dead snake struck,  
Putting its poisoning into the vulture.  
Ironic.*

## LOVE

Judy Andrews, '72

*Love  
is like a  
candle—  
if it flickers.  
The wax runs down  
the sides  
together  
And if you get too close,  
if will  
Burn.  
And somehow, sometime—  
when you're not aware,  
the Light goes out . . .  
and the wax hardens  
And the wick cools  
because  
(love) dies.*

## THE SYMBOLS

Cindy Thacker, '72

*The heart is a true  
symbol of love,  
The peace sign, a  
symbol of a dove.  
A smile is happiness  
without a doubt,  
A question is wanting to know  
what it's all about.*

*A gift is a symbol  
of true affection,  
A ring, the symbol of  
a good connection.  
A book, supposedly, a  
sign of knowledge,  
A square hat can signify  
going off to college.*

*A flower is a symbol  
of springtime,  
And all this is, is a  
try at a rhyme.*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*I've a thousand dreams,  
I've a million lives to live,  
I've not enough time.*

## HAIKU

B. C., '74

*Run quickly, girl, run  
Catch the golden sun before  
It leaves you behind.*



## MOONSTRUCK

Amy Hall, '74

*I rose one dark and frosty dawn  
And peered from 'round my heavy curtain  
To gaze transfixed on my moonlit lawn  
Which shimmered with silent, eerie quality.*

*My eyes, half-blinded, stared in wonder  
At jewels winking from 'neath glazed grass,  
Sparkling and glowing with peculiar magic  
Possessed by only fairy folk.*

*A slim silver crescent shimmered  
Thru misty folds of attending clouds  
And gave the world a crown of white,  
Enshrouding all who dared stay out.*

## REFLECTIONS

by Sherry Irvin

*Who likes to be with someone who is  
always talking about her problems?*

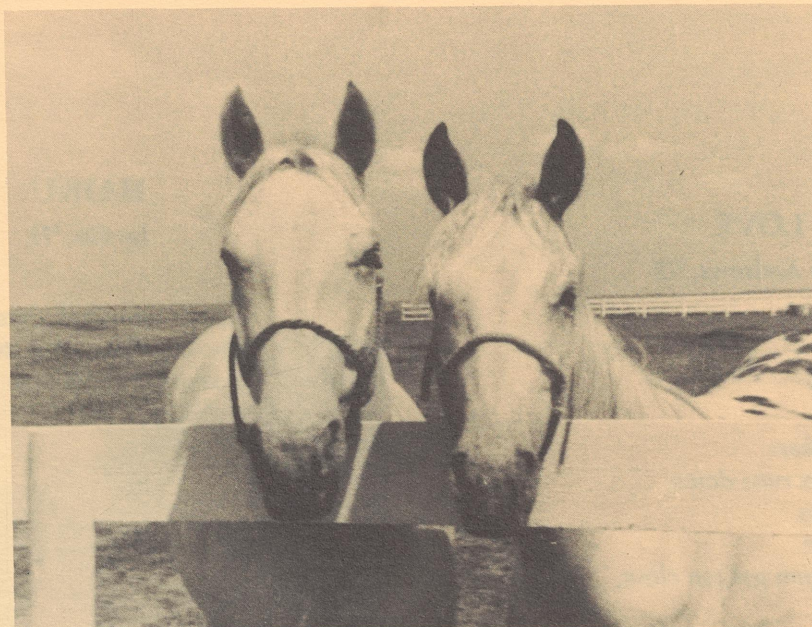
*No one!*

*Then why do you put up with me?*

*Maybe you feel it is part of your duty.*

*Or maybe you feel that you can help,  
and then I will stop complaining.*

*Or maybe you see part of yourself in me,  
and have felt what I feel,  
and understand.*





## THE BALLAD OF JANE EYRE

Blair Scoville, '75

*O what a happy day!  
It was the day that I met you.  
Your eyes since then have seemed to say,  
"I'm glad I met you too."*

*Though your countenance was often stern,  
And your heart seemed cold as stone,  
It was not long before I learned  
You did feel quite alone.*

*And so our love did grow and grow,  
And time went by and by,  
And I did also come to know  
To your wishes I'd comply.*

*Then come the day I was to wed,  
So happy did you seem!  
Bet someone said a wife you had  
And so undid our dream.*

*I left him when he needed me;  
I could not be his bride.  
Neither would his mistress be  
Because of conscious pride.*

*I wandered far away from him  
And though I found another;  
Still I did not love him as my man  
But only as my brother.*

*When I learned his first bride dead,  
No longer did I tarry,  
And once again I fled to him  
And we were free to marry.*

*So now my heart bears greater joy  
Although my love is blind,  
And previous sorrows won't destroy  
Our love which grew with time.*

## GROWING UP—IS NOT A PAIN!

Lynn Farrar, '74

*Some folks say  
Who ought to know  
That growing up's bad—but—  
I don't think so.*

*Suddenly discovering  
That I can reach the sink  
Turn the handles minus the stool  
Pushin' me above the brink*

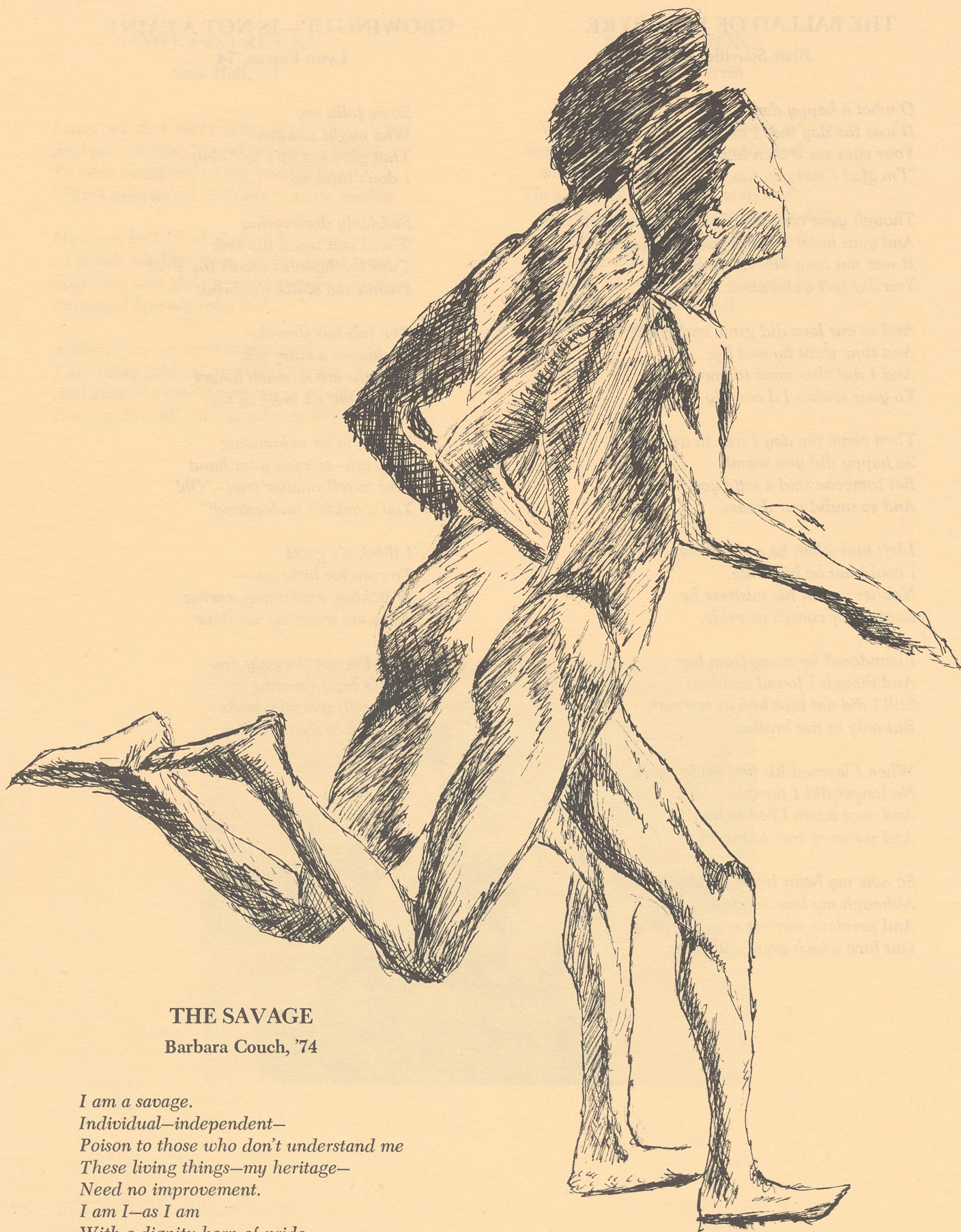
*The tub has shrunk—  
No longer a scary sea.  
'N baths are so much longer  
'Cause there's more of me!*

*It's fun to be so knowing  
To learn—to raise your hand  
And to tell smaller ones—"Oh!  
You wouldn't understand!"*

*I think it's great  
To care for little ones—  
Watching, explaining, caring  
As to me someone has done.*

*Too, I'm not the only one  
Who's busy growing  
And with special friends  
I'm glad to share the joy.*





## THE SAVAGE

Barbara Couch, '74

*I am a savage.  
Individual—independent—  
Poison to those who don't understand me  
These living things—my heritage—  
Need no improvement.  
I am I—as I am  
With a dignity born of pride  
And a strength born of difference;  
Leave me alone.*



IF LONGFELLOW'S "MIDNIGHT  
RIDE OF PAUL REVERE" WERE  
WRITTEN BY POE

Diana Reed, '72

Once upon a midnight dreary, with the fog all  
thick and bleary,  
And the Colonists all sleeping behind a row of  
unlocked doors.  
Paul Revere, his fate it beckoned, he was ready  
to go in one split second,  
Redcoats would go by sea he reckoned, or instead  
they'd go on shore  
Two lights, he said, if on the ocean, only one if  
they come on shore.

Only that, and nothing more!

Ghastly, gaunt aid grim Paul stood there, ready  
to mount his great fleet steed there.  
In the tower two lighted lanterns danced a  
dirge from days of yore:  
Then he jumped into the saddle, and inside, my  
soul was dying  
As I heard him ride by crying, words that chilled  
me to the core:  
"Red-coats!" were the words he hollered, as on  
his mighty steed he tore;

Just "Red-coats!" and nothing more!

Once again my soul was dying, while at a curve  
he whizzed by, fling  
How I wished that awful aching in my soul I  
could ignore!  
But, alas, my fear grew colder, and the gun  
stayed on my shoulder,  
While Paul Revere, his voice now bolder, called  
out "Redcoats!" with a roar!  
Wretched was the dread within me as I heard  
his awful roar:

Just "Redcoats!" and nothing more.

Praying for some god to guide me, hope, I feared  
would be denied me  
While the tell-tale heart inside me beat upon  
some distant shore;  
Then the Redcoats came by looming, and I aimed  
my gun, now dooming,  
While a Redcoat bullet came booming and it  
drilled me to the core  
Ghostly was the sound that echoed, as it drilled  
me to the core

Just "bang, bang" and nothing more.

OUR MATTIE

Sallie King, '71

Our Mattie was a Smyrna gal,  
Who raised us, best she could.  
She taught us ways of living right  
As all good Christians should.  
Our Mattie had two homes all right,  
Of two most different shades;  
Of both these homes her love and faith,  
A better place has made.  
Our Mattie had her do's and don't's,  
That all of us observed.  
With love and pride, her gentle word,  
Her purpose here she served.  
Our Mattie never had a doubt  
That right would always win.  
Her judgment and her faith and trust  
Inspired us to depend.  
Our Mattie now is gone from us.  
In life or death, she'll be  
A guardian angel in the hearts  
Of all this family.

CRUCIFIXION

Trish Harrison, '74

It was dark.  
The sky washed blood red.  
The air was so heavy;  
It seemed to strangle every man.

THE BRIGADIER

Julie Hancock, '74

He marched onward, onward  
Calling steps but no one made them  
He is the brigadier!  
He needs no help  
no understanding  
no sympathy  
He is the captain that  
men obeyed  
men respected  
men thought they knew  
No one noticed a tear in his eye  
for the men who died  
for the soldier he was  
for the world's lost  
innocence never to be  
regained



## RAINDROP

Celeste Thompson, '73

A raindrop  
falls upon the window  
and slowly  
slides down the clear  
glass  
until  
it falls  
to the ground  
and disappears.  
A tear  
appears in sad eyes  
and slides slowly  
down the pale  
face  
until it reaches  
her  
chin  
and  
then it drops  
off  
and hits  
the cold concrete  
floor  
soundlessly.

## PET SHOP

Judy Andrews, '72

Yesterday,  
Funday,  
In town sun Day,  
I stopped to listen to  
The blind man's cry  
For Hope—  
And colors of  
Black and White.

Animals  
Hurried by  
To shop  
In Grade "A"  
Homogenized  
Bargain Pet Shops.

And the blind man  
Cried  
As they passed by  
But his cry  
Took not my pity  
As did  
The Animals.

## THE INDIAN

Beth Collins, '72

The stream gurgled and whispered past the rocks and lazily rested in the big pools. Tall pines spread protective arms around the stream, and the sun dappled it with warmth. Slivers of light and transient bubbles played near the bank. A large bass jumped, twisting its armor in the sunshine, and fell with a splash back into the pool. As if on signal, a proud stag approached the stream. With neck arched and nostrils distended, he cautiously moved closer to the bank. Another dark form appeared among the shadows on the bank. On the twisting surface of the stream was reflected the image of a tall, well-built Indian in deerskin and warpaint. His form was indistinct and wavering. But the stag sensed his presence and dashed as a whisper into the dark forest. Without a sound the Indian also vanished. Many other forms and faces were to be reflected in the stream of Time in the days to come, but the Indian passed by no more.

## CONTENT TO BE

Amy Hall, '74

i'm sitting here  
about all the lonely  
and pretending that  
because if i  
maybe  
that i  
inside  
and  
how  
to be lonely

thinking  
people  
i'm not  
pretend i'm not  
people will assume  
am happy and peaceful  
if people think  
could i be anything  
other than content

one of them  
lonely  
i am content



## AN INCIDENT

Bridgette Salyer, '76

*Walking in among the trees,  
I came upon a house.  
A house still as eternity  
And silent as a mouse.*

*While at that house came a desire  
To break, to crush, to kill.  
I took a stick into my hand  
And killed the woodland's still.*

*The windows—old and dirty,  
Broke with a savage thrust.  
But suddenly in that deep wood,  
Murdered was my lust.*

*For violence, for death and pain,  
The memory I keep.  
How very fragile is a life,  
Living slow and deep.*

*For life is like a windowpane,  
Or any piece of glass.  
It can stay behind a wall,  
But dies when life goes past.*

## III

Louise Sharp, '72

Pain is the essence of full joy. It is the sacrifice made to chip away the shell of one's caged understanding. When once this suffocating shell is removed, self-understanding can expand and offer joy in our calm acceptance of pain's purgation.

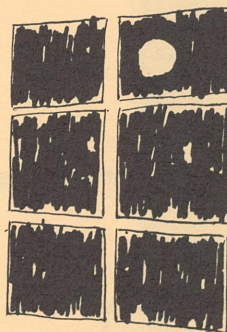
With self-knowledge evolves the knowledge of mankind and the source of nature of his pain. Thus, pain becomes glorious and is rejoiced as our joy, for the cup from which we taste perfect bliss is fashioned from the painstaking care of our Creator's hands.

Although this universal truth may be acknowledged by one's intellect, it cannot become an individual, personal truth until it is acknowledged by one's heart and accepted as a means to our salvation.

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*In early hours  
When the night and the day meet  
My alarm clock rings.*





5:30 A.M.  
Beth Collins, '72

5:30 A.M. the whisper, the light shake, the urgent "hurry up!" Startled, then slowly awakening, slowly, rustling, slidding shoes on—zipping down the zipper on the tent—And standing, stiff, heart pounding, in a young new day.

Half running, pulling on your parka, shivering, gathering fishing gear, stringing the rods, then the scrap, scraap-splash of canoe pushed from shore on chilly water. tennis shoes wet, excitement, minnoes' flurry, paddling, a few loud bumps, then silence. . . . . and expectant breathing.

The light slap of lure on water—soft whizz, whirr of line rolled in—gentle swishing of ears—silence—fog roll, cold mist—excitement—hurried whispers—gentle movements—quiet lapping of water on shore—expectancy.

Fish!! A light tap on lure, nothing. . . silence again—sun rising, birds sing—brilliant clouds—fog disappears—waiting, waiting.

Zap!! Jump, net ready, bent rod, strained line, scared fish, jumping, blazing, turning, pulled, pulled, puled line shorter net ready, frantic fish—closer, net ready, closer, fish turning this way and that, then in the net, caught, in the boat, flopping—proud, happy, jubilant faces, loud voices.

Swift paddling, quick shouts, scrapping of canoe on rocks, a warm fire, and fish for breakfast.

ON POETRY  
Sherry Irvin, '71

*Once someone asked why I didn't write a happy poem.*

*My only answer was,  
"I'll try."*

*I have tried but I can only write what I feel, and  
when I am happy I don't need a pen and  
paper to help  
me express my feelings.*

*It is when I am confused, lonely, or sad that I  
might*

*write a poem; because often this is the only way  
I can express my thoughts and emotions so  
you can  
understand.*

UNTITLED  
Barbara Couch, '74

*He was a big man—  
and he'd made mistakes.  
But he was a big man:  
he acknowledged, admitted them.  
And, since he was a big man,  
had the courage to  
turn his back on them  
And stride, alone—  
Towards the sun . . . . .*

SPRING SADNESS  
Celeste Thompson, '73

*The wind blows all about me  
in great cooling gusts  
the stars seem to dance  
yet  
they are cold and  
fireless  
I've waited so long  
for  
the brown, stark  
hills  
to turn green  
with  
the touch of spring  
but  
now that beauty surrounds me  
I am saddened  
by it.  
For when my heart was warm  
with love  
The world was cold and bare  
and now that it is full of life  
and the joy of spring is  
everywhere,  
my heart is dead and  
cold.*



## DUSK

Ellen Hobbs, '75

*Still and silent is the night. Her rosy cheeks curl  
around the hills;  
her dark velvety hair wraps around the earth.*

*All is peaceful and quiet, yet there is a sort of  
restless urgency about  
the dark swaying of the trees, and the dark profile  
of the hills as they  
guard over the valleys.*

*Then the moon starts to rise with her silvery train  
following behind her.*

*The earth stretches forth its arms to hold her,  
but she slips by and  
travels on to the dark sky where she sits brilliantly  
on a black velvet  
cushion and reigns over her kingdom of shadows  
and sleep.*

*Yes, God and Peace are the night. Oh how we  
humans are stupid for we  
feel only terror and fright in the dark, yet the  
night is where truth and  
inner peace may be found.*

*Oh the shadows hold me dear to them! However,  
I fear them, and I fear  
the dark swaying of the trees, and I fear life  
itself.*

*Yet here watching the moon I lose all fear and  
earthly cares.*

*I know God is here!  
I know there can be no fear!  
I know that beauty lives here!  
I know that life is just more than living,  
but also feeling and knowing God and nature.*

## HAIKU

by CB, '71

*I thank you my friend  
For knowing that I do care  
Even without words.*

## UNTITLED NO. 49

Amy Hall, '74

*Sometimes*

*you plant a seed in a bit of earth,  
then forget about the life you've sown.*

*And sometimes*

*you remember to water the seedling  
before turning to more important matters.*

*Occasionally*

*you peek at the young plant springing  
anew  
and feel a chill of excitement for your  
creativity.*

*Then suddenly*

*you are involved in a wonderful,  
exciting adventure.  
all made possible because of a silly  
little seed.*

*Astonishingly,*

*you realize that the skinny seed is  
very beautiful;  
it means everything, and you love it:  
it's yours.*

*But then*

*the plant shrivels and dies in the sunlight  
all because it's just a silly little seed  
in a bit of sand.*





## SAVIOR

Celeste Thompson, '73

*I walk alone in the rain, through  
a new dismal park which once was to  
me a world of sunshine and flowers. The  
path under my feet becomes muddy as  
dozens of tiny puddles run together with  
the falling rain. The cold wind whips  
my dress against my chilled body, yet I  
feel nothing. My mind is elsewhere. It  
climbs among the clouds that float in  
a sea of blue. I become detached from  
everything around me. My thoughts  
change from those white clouds as  
they focus on the ground under my  
feet. I am unable to see my reflection  
in the puddles because of the constant  
splash of raindrops into them. I  
have shut myself away from this  
cold, dreary atmosphere, but still  
my mind is stuck upon the events  
of this world.*

*"Hello"*

*My thought intensity is shattered  
as my dream world becomes  
interrupted by a voice. My  
mind is unable to pull itself  
out of the unconsciousness in  
which it has become involved.*

*"Hello"*

*Sparkling pools of blue gaze down  
upon me as my mind races into  
the present. Our hands meet as  
we begin to walk together  
down that muddy path. Our  
walk takes us to a part of  
the park which I had never  
seen before. There was no rain,  
no puddles and no muddy path.  
He sat under the trees, and  
though we said nothing to  
each other, it seemed as if  
our thoughts were transmitted. Beyond  
us, within a group of trees, were dozens  
and dozens of buttercups. I jumped up  
and began picking them as he watched  
me with laughing eyes. As I picked  
them, it seemed as though the flowers  
were multiplying. I came running  
back to him with armloads of  
yellow perfume. He arose and we  
started again our walk in this*

*strange, intangible world. As I  
began to observe this stranger who  
captivated me, my mind groped for  
a place where we had met, yet I knew  
we hadn't. He seemed to have a radiance  
about him that set everything aglow.  
He had brought me out of my world  
of gloom almost instantly.*

*"What makes you so buried  
within yourself?"*

*At this sudden burst of words, I  
was aware of the fact that he  
had spoken to me. I didn't  
know exactly how to reply,  
but I managed a word or two.*

*"I keep thinking about all  
the hope and dreams I had, and now  
I feel extremely defeated because  
they've been crushed."*

*"But life has so  
much to offer. You can't let past  
dreams ruin your future. Step  
out of the wreck of those dreams,  
because they're gone forever."*

*We sat down and  
my eyes wandered to the sky,  
soaking up the beauty of  
sunshine, clouds, and blue. I  
lay there not really thinking  
of anything, just gazing upward. I  
sat up and looked around. He  
was gone. My companion had  
departed, but He left with  
me a drop of sunshine and  
something to think about.*

## HAIKU

by Anne Cooper

*God's all around us,  
In nature everywhere,  
And now in my heart.*



## SHORT STORY

Nancy Richardson, '75

I didn't know much about her. Only that she sat next to me in social studies as a result of our alphabetical seating arrangement. Only that she was black. She had just moved to our huge and over-populated school recently and didn't try very hard in her studies; she just seemed to have given up. She seemed so lonely. But how could I help? I was white, and she was black.

As we sat in the dim-lighted and crowded room watching a movie, my eyes wandered over to her. "Her name is Brenda or something like that," I thought. I also felt sorry for her. I really don't know why I did; she seemed like a pretty self-composed person. I glanced at her and saw she was writing on the back of her hand with a purple felt-tipped pen. This wasn't an unusual thing to do. Nowadays lots of people wrote on their hand for the sake of something to do while they were getting an "education" shoved down their throats. But my curiosity became so strong that I just had to know what Brenda was writing. She saw me, and she knew I wanted to see the words she was so concentrating on. She turned her hand with the palm toward my eyes, and I read the neat, well-spaced printing. "I AM BLACK. ARE YOU WHITE OR BLACK?" For a second, I was startled. Then I was puzzled. Why had she written that? What could I do now? I thought quickly and then searched for my pen. I wrote the message on her hand instead of saying it. I just had to do it. I wrote, "DOES IT REALLY MATTER?" on her outstretched palm. She turned her hand and swiftly brought it to her eyesight. I watched as she read. Was this all a joke? Why did I have to play the role of the good guy, the peacemaker. That's what I felt like. Mostly I was just staring, waiting for her reaction. She didn't look up but wrote something else below the words I had hoped would so help her. Slowly she turned her hand so as to let me see it. "NO" was written under my earnest question. I breathed a faint sigh of relief and smiled. Now I knew that it really didn't matter if she was black and I was white. We could be friends and there would be no barrier. I looked up at her and smiled. She smiled at me at the same time. At that moment, I felt a tremendous sense of victory and hopefulness for the racial separation of people. Was Brenda feeling the same time? I'll never know. I just know that day for whatever it was worth. This small thing was worth a lot to my heart.

## INTRODUCTION

by Sherry Irvin, '71

*I am not a poet*

*I just write what I feel and if you understand  
what I am trying to say, then I have succeeded.*

*A poet writes something which is beautiful.*

*I just write down my thoughts.*

*To me it is just another means of communication  
when conversation will not work.*

*Not everything I have written will you understand,*

*but then two people do not think the same way.*

*Hopefully if you read some of my thoughts  
you*

*might find that we feel the same way, and that  
together*

*we can find the answers to our problems.*

## IMPRESSIONS

Celeste Thompson, '73

*Lying in the sun*

*gives me time*

*time*

*to think*

*and*

*ponder*

*the sea breeze blows*

*ruffling my thoughts,*

*cooling my restless*

*soul.*

*The laughing surf*

*tries to cheer me*

*chuckling as it washes*

*the beach,*

*licking my feet.*

*A big blue sky*

*with*

*A lapful of puffy white*

*looks down upon me,*

*and*

*watches my every mood.*

*a world of paradise*

*that I soaked up*

*and wrote down*

*into my memory,*

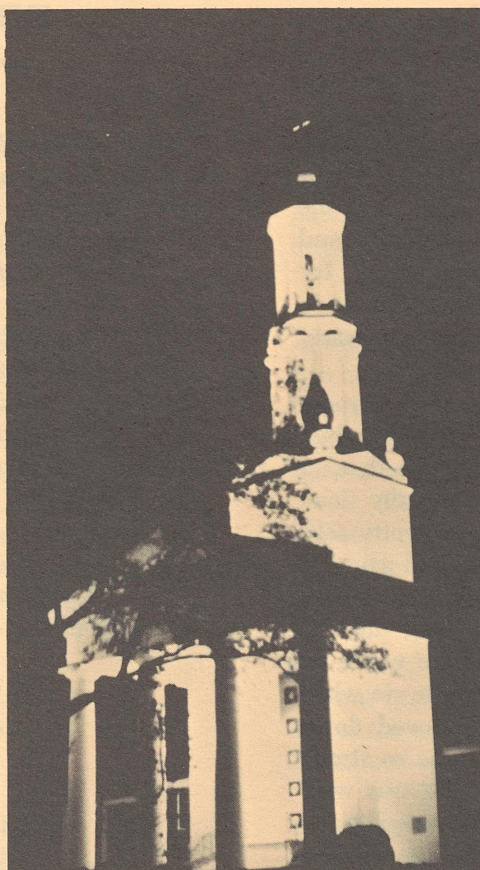
*to keep*

*forever*



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